excellent edition with abundant notes and a glossary, in new condition. They ask four sous for it. Rouart insists on giving me the book, which he knows will give me great pleasure. I plunged into it at once; it was exactly the book among all others that I wanted to read just now; but I was impatient to get back to Paris and to my big etymological dictionary by Skeat, which now makes that reading even more attractive. At the same time I am continuing to read *The Mirror of the Sea.*[2]*

The Faerie Queene gives me a great desire to tackle Ariosto. Unfortunately, today I was unable to find an hour's rest. This morning I had to go and see old Espinas about the offers that Eugene Rouart is making to his son; lunched very pleasantly at the Ruyters'. What a good afternoon I could have spent with my books! But Gheon and Drouin were waiting for me at the Villa, then Maurice Desmarest and his wife came. Howbeit, I acted very cordial; but I promised myself to lock myself in my room next Sunday and let my friends get along without me.

Went out with Drouin and Gheon, to whom I wanted to relate my night at Narbonne with Alibert and the two C. brothers. Wonderful night which put me back on my feet physically and intellectually. The extraordinary overexertion of that night left me in a state of radiant equilibrium.

I was wondering at the ease with which I achieve happiness, and how natural bliss is to me — as I read some article or other in which X. and Y. confessed to having known only two or three moments of perfect happiness in life. The other night, with L. C., this morning with Spenser, first my body, then my mind were as happy as both can be. And what does it matter to me if they were not happy at the same time, since one achieves bliss only while the other sleeps.

11

November

From day to day I put off and carry a little farther into the future my prayer: may the time come when my soul, at last liberated, will be concerned only with God!

This morning at work at six o'clock. Spenser and Skeat, then Conrad. I write to my teacher to resume my lessons.

12

November

Stupid use of my morning (yesterday). I took an auto to save time; went to reserve the little dining-room of the Vian restaurant, where Em. and I can lunch comfortably with the young lehl couple; then to the *Mercure,* where I did not find Vallette (I was taking back the volume of

[23] A collection of essays and reminiscences by Joseph Conrad (1906).